A Marriage Proposal

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A Marriage Proposal

by snapdragonpop007

Summary

> “Will, love, what on earth are you doing digging up a grave this early?” She wrapped her coat tighter around her—one of Gomez’s jackets, Will thought. It was much too big to be Morticia’s—coming to stand just on the edge of the grave.
>
> “I need Aunt Regina’s ring.” Will answered.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

Will was digging up a grave.

This was not the first time he had done so, nor—he was sure—would it be the last. He dug enough graves to warrant needing to dig up a few of them, after all, and he and Morticia had played Wake The Dead often as children. At this stage in his life Will had grave digging down to a fine art.

Uncle Roco would be proud of him.

Still, Will was caked in dirt, and as soon as he got what he needed from dear Aunt Regina he was going over to Hannibal's and staying in his shower until Hannibal had to drag him out.

This would not be the first time Will had done that, either.

"Will?"

Will paused for a moment, glancing at Morticia from where he stood waist deep in Aunt Regina's grave, then continued shoveling.

"Will, love, what on earth are you doing digging up a grave this early?" She wrapped her coat tighter around her—one of Gomez's jackets, Will thought. It was much too big to be Morticia's—coming to stand just on the edge of the grave.

"I need Aunt Regina's ring." Will answered.

"Oh," Morticia blinked, and then her eyes widened. "*Oh*! Oh, Will! I knew Gomez said something about it but—oh, this is just wonderful!"

She clapped her hands in delight, and Will smiled in his own delight before dropping his shovel and scrambling out of the grave. He took Morticia's hands in his, holding them tightly as he locked eyes with her. " 'Ticia, you can't tell anyone. You can't even tell Gomez."

"Why ever not?" she tilted her head. "Will, this is exciting!"

Will smiled. It was exciting. "Yes, but if you tell Gomez then he'll tell Uncle Fester, and--" Will paused. He loved Uncle Fester so, really, he did. "Well, he's not the best at secret keeping."

"Oh, I suppose you're right," Morticia sighed. Then she was smiling again and squeezing Will's hands. "But a marriage proposal! Oh, Will, I'm so excited for you! Your dear Hannibal will say yes, I'm sure of it!"

Will was sure Hannibal would say yes too, and yet there was still that swooping pit in his stomach and that nagging voice in the back of his head.

Cousin Leeming, not doubt. They loved to work long distance magic and hexes on Will.

--

Aunt Regina's ring was safely tucked away in Will's sock drawer, and Will had been in the shower in the master bathroom for just a little under an hour. His fingertips were wrinkled beyond belief and the mirror was so fogged that Will couldn't see anything it in, and Hannibal had just managed to coax him out.

"You shouldn't be in there for so long," Hannibal was standing in front of him, sleeves rolled up to his elbows and taking a towel to Will's hair. His own hair was damp just from the steam, hanging across his forehead and ruining the meticulous styling he put into it.

Will hummed. Hannibal's movements were slow and methodical and were, quite frankly, putting Will to sleep.

Hannibal sighed fondly, dropping the towel around Will's shoulders and pressing a kiss to his temple. "You are insufferable, my dear."

"You love it," Will mumbled. Then he all but collapsed into Hannibal, draping his arms over his shoulders and dropping his head into the junction of his neck and shoulder. "Carry me to bed."

Hannibal sighed again, but did as Will requested.

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"So, where is it?"

"Where's what?"

"The ring!" Grandmama smacked Will with her spoon. "I saw you dig it up a few days ago!"

Will backed up into the kitchen counter to doge the next swing, still being careful not to knock over the pot of tea Grandmama was brewing. "You didn't tell anyone, did you?"

"Of course not! I'm not daft, Will," she smacked him again, this time on the wrist. "Now where is it?"

Will hissed, shaking his wrist out and flexing his fingers. "It's at home. In my dresser."

Grandmama hummed. "You better not waste any time proposing. Your Hannibal is an inquisitive fellow. He'll find that ring soon, you trust me on that." she nodded once. "Why, Morticia found Gomez's ring a week after he dug it up--waited too long, that boy did."

Will remembered that. Morticia had called him all in a bustle about her discovery.

“Don’t wait too long,” Grandmama warned him again, then poured a cup of the tea she was brewing. “Tea, dear?”

Will took it, wondering if the spot he put the ring was hidden enough and feeling his stomach swoop at the thought.

Damn cousin Leeming.

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“You need to move the ring,” Abigail fell onto the couch next to Will, Winston hopping up right after her. “I’m surprised Hannibal hasn’t found it yet.”

Will frowned.

“And how did *you* find it?” he asked.

Abigail shrugged, opening her arms to let Winston flop onto her lap. “I was snooping.”

Winston wasn’t technically allowed to be up on the couch--none of the dogs were. It was Hannibal’s one request when he and Abigail moved in with him, and Will was so happy that Hannibal had even asked that he had readily agreed.

“I thought I told you not to do that.”

Abigail just grinned, scratching Winston behind his ears.

His tail thumped against Will’s thigh, and he sighed.

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Will moved the ring the next night.

He put in in the bathroom medicine cabinet, behind his pill bottles and the tube of empty toothpaste that Hannibal told him to get rid of a week ago.

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“Still not good enough,” Abigail sang to him the next morning, and Will groaned and almost upturned his bowl of cereal.

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“I saw that Aunt Regina’s grave had been dug up,”

Will slammed his book down and looked at Uncle Fester with narrowed eyes. “Did ‘Ticia tell you?”

“No, oh, no. I just saw the grave. I won’t tell anyone!” Uncle Fester was quick to tack on, then bustled fully into the library. “But Will, this is so exciting! Have you asked him yet?”

Will couldn’t be mad at Uncle Fester. He just couldn’t. “No, not yet. Haven’t found the right time.”

Uncle Fester sighed happily. “Oh, I do love weddings.” He straightened up just as quickly, clasping a hand on Will’s shoulder. “You better do it soon. Remember how fast Morticia found Gomez’s ring? She ended up proposing to him--Gomez was so distraught.”

“But he said yes,” Will frowned.

“Oh sure he did. But he went to all that trouble to dig up that ring--you’d be distraught too, I reckon.” Then Uncle Fester smiled, squeezed Will’s shoulder, then left the library.

Will’s stomach swooped, and he thought that he was going to kill cousin Leeming if he felt nauseous one more time.

The swooping stopped just as suddenly as it had started.

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“Hannibal won’t propose first, right?”

Lurch grunted, working around Will to dust the table he was sitting right in front of.

“Thanks, Lurch.”

Lurch grunted again.

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Will stood in front of the bathroom mirror, looking at the ring that he was holding tightly in his hand.

It was a lovely thing, Will thought, with a gold band and black stones. He had to polish it up to get all the dust and ash off it from Aunt Regina, but it was still lovely all the same. And, Will knew, it would look just as lovely on Hannibal.

“Will?” Hannibal called from the bedroom.

Will jumped and shoved the ring in his pocket.

“Are you alright, dear?”

“Yeah, just fine,” Will turned to look at Hannibal, who was now standing in the doorway. “I’m absolutely wonderful.”

Will pressed a kiss to Hannibal’s cheek, then bustled past him to find his favorite hunting knife.

What better way to christen a marriage proposal than with blood and bone?

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will vaguely recognized the man that Hannibal had laid at his feet, but he was so enamored by the sight of Hannibal that he didn't care enough to figure it out.

"You look good in red," Will stepped closer to Hannibal, lifting his hand to his jaw. His fingers ghosted over the blood splattered along Hannibal's jaw bone. It looked black in the moonlight, but as Will smeared it across his fingertips and Hannibal's jaw it bloomed bright red. "Have I ever told you that?"

"Frequently," Hannibal answered, tilting his head to nuzzle into Will's open palm.

Will sighed, leaning forward to kiss the copper tang from Hannibal's lips.

The man lying beneath them was still alive. He gave a low groan—either in pain or disgust, or perhaps a bit of both—and Will kicked him off to the side and stepped closer to Hannibal.

Hannibal's hands dropped to Will's hips as he tugged Will closer, and Will kissed him for a moment longer before pulling back and dropping a hand into his pocket.

"Hannibal, I—"

"Will—"

They both stopped, and Will felt his cheeks grow hot.

"Sorry, I—"

"You go first, dear Will."

Will snapped his mouth shut. He swallowed and nodded, fingers curling tightly around the ring in his pockets and surely leaving dents in his skin. He pulled the ring out and opened his palm, his mouth opening and closing with no words coming out.

He had practiced this moment too many times to properly keep track, yet now that it was here Will found himself unable to repeat the words.

Hannibal's eyes widened.

"I, uh…" Will faltered, but then Hannibal was reaching into his own pocket, showing Will a golden ring that matched the gold of the one Will was holding. "...holy shit."

"It would seem that we had very similar ideas about tonight," Hannibal's voice was barely above a whisper.

“Yeah, I guess so,” and then Will was smiling so wide that it hurt. “Shit, Hannibal--”

“Will--”

They crashed into each other, the dying man laying forgotten as they tangled fingers in fabric and hair and left bruises on each others lips and skin. They made each other bleed and then kissed it away, kissed the bruises they left behind. They pulled apart just long enough to slip gold onto each others fingers, then they dropped their knives and let their hands and lips wander again.

They dying man did not lay completely forgotten, however.

When they had found themselves able to pull away from each other for longer than a few seconds at a time they set to work, peppering kisses along each others lips and skin in the moments in between.

The next morning’s paper described a lovely sight--the first snow of the year spattered bright red, belladonna and sweet williams and blood red roses and thistle threaded among the blood and skin of a now dead man

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“Will!” Morticia came crashing into Will as soon as Lurch opened the door and stepped aside. Will grunted, catching her and spinning around from the momentum. “Will, I saw the paper this morning--oh, I’m so happy for you!”

She pulled back, then caught sight of the gold on Will’s hand.

“He proposed the same time I did,” Will answered.

Morticia’s smile got even bigger, but before she could say anything Gomez was sweeping into the room and taking ahold of Will in an equally bone crushing hug.

“Will, my dear boy, you did it!” Gomez spun him around the hall. “Stupendous! Absolutely marvelous!”

Gomez laughed brightly, and Will couldn’t help but laugh along with him.

“You must tell us all about it,” Morticia set a hand on Gomez’s shoulder, halting him in the middle of another spin. “As soon as Hannibal arrives, you simply must.”

“We’ll have to have a celebration!” Gomez continued. He had still not let go of Will. “We’ll invite the family--all the cousins and the aunts and the uncles and Hannibal must have Mischa over as well--”

“Gomez, I’m not so sure--”

Lurch cut Will off with a groan.

“See? Lurch agrees,” Gomez nodded and started herding Will down the hall. “We’ll start a guest list right away.”

Will was shepherd off to the study, and when Hannibal and Abigail arrived an hour later Hannibal was given hugs and congratulations from Morticia and then stuck in the study right next to Will.

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And so, a few days later, all the Addams’ family was gathered in the Addams estate, and Will and Hannibal were darting around the ballroom.

“Oh, it's so nice to finally meet you!” Aunt Helena smiled and patted Hannibal’s cheek. “Our dear Will is also so secretive about things.”

Uncle Rodgers grunted in agreement.

“You’re taller than I had imagined,” Cousin Leeming remarked as they looked Hannibal over, then they grinned at Will and made his stomach swoop one more time just for good measure.

“Do you have a wedding date yet?” many people asked.

“Let me see the ring!” many more people demanded.

“Tell us how you met!” everyone asked, and Will and Hannibal gave very brief explanations before being whisked away to the next group of people.

“Tired yet?” they had finally managed to get a moment to themselves, and Will grinned at Hannibal as they tucked themselves in a shadowed corner of the ballroom. Hannibal leaned his back against the wall, and Will slotted himself against Hannibal’s chest.

“Never,” Hannibal kissed him gently, taking Will’s hands in his own. “Your family is a delight, my dear Will.”

Will smiled, then leaned up and kissed Hannibal.

“You two are so gross,” Abigail slid up next to them, Mischa right beside her.

“I think it’s sweet,” Mischa smiled at them, then bumped her hip into Abigail’s. “You’ll be there someday.”

Abigail wrinkled her nose. “Not if I can help it I won't.”

Mischa just continued to smile.

“Ah, Hannibal, there you are!” Grandmama came bustling over. “I need your help in the kitchen before everyone pulls you away again.”

“Certainly,” Hannibal gave one last kiss to Will, then let Grandmama pull him away.

They watched him go, then Abigail said “As soon as you get married she’s never going to let him leave the kitchen, you know that right?”

“Oh, I know,” Will sighed happily.

He couldn’t be mad about that. He didn’t think he could be mad at anything today. He was getting *married*.

Chapter End Notes

grandmama and Hannibal would be such good friends and you can fight me on that

End Notes

I haven't had like, any time to write lately and it's been awful

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